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No. 425

JUNK

OR

One of Those Sunday Mornings

In One Act

BY

HENRY CLAPP SMITH

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

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JUNK

CHARACTERS

MAUD BEATIE (*pronounced Bay-tea*)
LUCIUS BEATIE, *her husband*
AUGUSTUS JONES, *her friend*
STERLING PEABODY (*known as Pud*)
EVADNE PEABODY (*known as Eve, his wife*)
ALPHONSE DRELINCOURT (*known as Spider*)
MURIEL FRELINGHUYSEN (*known as Kitten*)
PETER SALISBURY JONES (*known as Joe*)

Lakehurst. A Sunday Morning in June.
Living-Room of the Beaties.

MAUD is preferably 30, short, dark, quiet and calm, but has company manners of 100% pep.

LUCIUS is older, 40 or more, very serious, sincere, kindly, and except for owning a motor, generous to a fault.

AUGUSTUS, 30, very happy with himself. Thinks he is a great wit, dresser, flirt and all around beau of beaux.

STERLING, 35, stout, short and very complaiscent.

EVADNE, 30, pretty, light, witty and possibilities of being a darling devil.

ALPHONSE, 35, tall, handsome, a real leading man, dry humor, abundant spirits, a natural flirt.

MURIEL, dark, 28, handsome, very ethical, still enjoys romance, but only with the best people. Has a more serious strain than Evadne or Alphonse.

PETER, practical, hard-headed, even-tempered man of 28. Sees a joke and makes them, but doesn't hold with frivolity.

JUNK

PROPERTY LIST

Sunday newspaper.
Poster, rolled, reading "Amateur Players' Club, etc." See specimen.
Jar of tobacco.
Trick cigarette lighter for Augustus.
Property list for Augustus.
Tennis ball for Alphonse.
Plate of six lettuce sandwich rolls with lettuce showing at the ends.
Camabert cheese in its box.
Big tin box of saltine crackers.
Thermos of cocktails for Alphonse.
Tray of eight cocktail glasses for Maud.
Motor horn.
Motor effects if possible.
Door bell.
Chromo or portrait of funny looking old men in a gilt frame.

JUNK

(*SPECIMEN OF PROPERTY POSTER*)

THE

AMATEUR PLAYERS CLUB

OF NEW YORK

will present

BUNK *and* PUNK

for the benefit of

THE HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS

SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 22nd

at the Clubhouse

Tickets, $1.00

JUNK

SCENE

Front door in centre of right side, radiator up right of centre, door left, well up. If possible have mantlepiece centre with clock and irons, etc.; also have window behind radiator, shade down, for fear of fading the carpet. When up shade discloses garden scene or view if possible and hot sunlight.

A large table is left centre, with books, lamp (practical or not), etc. Each side of table comfortable chairs, but if possible the right centre is a tricky one, such as horsehair or spring rocker, or plain rocker, or tufted with antimacassar. This is known as the big chair. R. C. another chair, also one down right. Pictures on wall—the more the better. The chromo is desirable, also large chromo or colored photo in gilt frame of Maud's father. This should be over mantle, or if no mantle, bookcase, or shelves. Anyway it is in the centre of the back.

The room is full of things—plants, hassocks, fur rugs, etc.—and during the play everything possible is removed except the big table and big rug and big chair. The three "natives" speak simply and with great cordiality. When things really upset them they seem very resigned, but you feel that later they will vent their feelings. The "city" visitors are carefree, happy and annoyingly healthy.

Curtain rises on Maud, seated left of big table, spectacles, reading Sunday magazine section. Lucius right of big table reading baseball news. He has on soft shirt and collar, golf trousers and pumps instead of golf shoes. She wears a gingham bungalow apron. You can almost hear the flies buzz. Shades, if any, are down, but the room is bright yellow-orange in light and warmth.

The radiator opens with loud, eccentric banging. (Done with a hammer on pipe behind scenes) two quarter notes, pause, two eighth notes, pause, quarter note, four sixteenths and a whole note crescendo.

MAUD. The radiator, dear. (*Never looking up*)

LUCIUS. (*Rises, goes to radiator, fixes valve, always reading. As he returns to seat*) If you closed the valve properly it wouldn't knock.

MAUD. You close it so tight I can't open it.

LUCIUS. It doesn't take strength to do it properly. It's a knack.

(*Pause, then radiator repeats, but a little more muffled.*)

MAUD. So I see. (*Pause*) I wish we had a motor. (*Pause*) Amy Martin has a new car. (*Pause*) Fred just bought it. (*Pause*) Wasn't so expensive, $985.00, including the horn.

LUCIUS. It isn't the buying the car that's expensive, it's running it. Up-keep, tires, insurance.

MAUD. We could keep it in the Garden Tool House.

LUCIUS. Tool house is for tools.

MAUD. I could meet your train nights.

LUCIUS. The walk's good for me.

MAUD. I could market in it and save money by shopping and bringing things home.

LUCIUS. Blow in $4.00 worth of gasoline to save 40 cents on vegetables. You women don't know how to economize. It's well enough to own a car if you've a big enough income to charge it off to luxury, but don't pull this "own a car and save carfare" stuff on me. No, sir. Martin can have all the cars he wants, but your uncle Dudley's looking ahead. I can afford a car. Yes, I got money in the bank, and that's where it belongs. Why you'd have to have a chauffeur—yes you would; you can't even wind a watch. You can't fix a radiator. Now look at Curtis.

(*Bang, bang, bang on the radiator.*)

MAUD. I wish you could fix a radiator.

LUCIUS. (*Has wrestled with radiator, so now he is nice and warm*) Now look at Curtis, as I was saying. He has money and a good income, but he's never bought a car——

MAUD. Until yesterday.

LUCIUS. Huh!

MAUD. Bought a nice touring car, one-man top, for $1,050.00, including the horn.

LUCIUS. You include the horn as if it was the biggest and most important thing.

MAUD. No. Well, we wouldn't need the horn when we have you, dear. (*Read again*)

LUCIUS. I suppose that's intended to be funny. (*Reads*)

MAUD. It is funny. (*Pause*) If we had a

car we could be out motoring now instead of being in this hot room.

LUCIUS. You know very well we couldn't. Those actorines from New York are coming out. Besides I'd rather play golf——

MAUD. Why do they have to come here?

LUCIUS. Gus wants to use some of our furniture and things for the play on Saturday. They're going to pick them out——

MAUD. Well, they can have anything except Father's portrait. What do they want?

LUCIUS. How do I know. Ask me after they get here.

MAUD. When do they arrive?

LUCIUS. Train comes in at 1:30.

MAUD. Will they want anything to eat? How many are there?

LUCIUS. I don't know. Gus expects some man and perhaps his wife. No, they won't want any dinner.

MAUD. I hope they don't as we're having the chicken for supper and such a late breakfast I didn't figure we'd have any dinner to-day, just some salad. I really haven't anything in the house but some lettuce and cheese. Did you know the Club's closed?

LUCIUS. Club closed!

MAUD. Yes, the range broke so they let the steward have a holiday. (*Loud whistling and three rings on front bell*) That's Gus, let him in.

LUCIUS. (*Opens door*) Hello there, stranger.

AUGUSTUS. (*Dapper, tight light suit, very high collar, very big bow tie, very small mustache,* 30 *years, and the town's leading devil.*

He should have remained a bachelor.) Stranger yourself. How've you been since last night? Hullo, Maud.

MAUD. Hullo, Gus.

AUGUSTUS. Nice eats at the party, wasn't they? I told Emmy their bill of fare was fair enough—what's the news?

LUCIUS. News is I'm going to Mike's to get a shampoo. Now that the train windows are open the soot is awful.

MAUD. I think the Erie is burning soft coal again.

AUGUSTUS. Again! Still. Say, did you hear my wheeze yesterday? I was running for the 8:06 and Mrs. Proctor said, "Are you training for a race," and I said, "No. I'm racing for a train." Ha, Ha! That hit the old dame; you should have heard her laugh.

MAUD. You don't care how old they are.

AUGUSTUS. What, the women? (*Very pleased with himself*)

MAUD. No! The jokes.

LUCIUS. I'm going to put on my shoes. I'll be right back. (*Exit* L.)

AUGUSTUS. Well, sweetie. (*Surreptitiously kisses* MAUD)

MAUD. Stop it. (*Pleased*)

AUGUSTUS. How's the little woman.

MAUD. Now you behave. What's the name of the Club that's coming out?

AUGUSTUS. The Amateur Players Club of New York.

MAUD. Pretty good, I'll tell the world. Say, but they're very swell, ain't they. I'll bet they'll be as cold and standoffish as an iceberg.

AUGUSTUS. Not a' tall, not a' tall. Peabody

whose coming out is the president and just as genial as rum punch. That was good hootch last night.

MAUD. You ought to know.

AUGUSTUS. I didn't bring it.

MAUD. No, but you took it away.

LUCIUS. (*Entering, shoes and coat on*) I'm going now. What are you two going to do?

AUGUSTUS. I'll stay and give Maud an earful. I told Peabody to stop here first. I knew some one would be in.

LUCIUS. I'd been out playing golf, but I slept late after the party and then it wasn't time to get around before they came.

MAUD. What time is it?

AUGUSTUS. Eleven thirt.

MAUD. Good gracious! No, you can't stay here. I'm going to give Apollo a bath and do my hair.

AUGUSTUS. How's his chicken pox?

MAUD. Ah, much better, but he can't see anyone. He's been asleep until now.

AUGUSTUS. Shouldn't bathe him with a fever. Stuff a cold, but starve a fever.

MAUD. Why his fever's all gone. The doctor said it was all right to give him a bath.

AUGUSTUS. Don't tell the wife I came indoors. Two-de-Duluth.

MAUD. See you later. (*Exit left*)

LUCIUS. Have some tobaccoo. (*Fills pipe from jar*)

AUGUSTUS. No, thanks; prefer a cig. (*Lights one with trick lighter*)

LUCIUS. (*To door* L.) Maud! Maud! I've left my keys upstairs. I'll ring twice when I come back.

AUGUSTUS. We ought to make over $300.00 out of this show.

LUCIUS. How?

AUGUSTUS. Well, the club costs nothing and they act and provide their costumes for nothing and the scenery was made for the show last year. So we only have the printing of tickets to pay for and advertising. By the way, (*Producing roll he brought with him*) here's a poster Fred made (*Unfolds nice poster reading Amateur Players Club of New York presents, etc., a short poster, and any local material, if desired, may be substituted here.*)

LUCIUS. That's a piperino. Now, I don't care much for pictures, but good signs I do like.

AUGUSTUS. Here, let's put it up. (*Fastens to mantle so it hangs*)

LUCIUS. That's fine about the $300.00. Have you sold all the tickets?

AUGUSTUS. No, we've sold $80.00 worth so far, but we're counting on all of you to take 10 each.

LUCIUS. Now look here, I'll lend you my furniture and my time, but I won't sell tickets.

AUGUSTUS. Oh! I'm glad you spoke of furniture. Here's their prop list. (*Produces large envelope*) They want a parlour organ. Who has one?

LUCIUS. Mrs. Bebee, but she'd never lend it. Since Bebee died she allows no one to touch it. I guess he played enough to fill her up with music for life.

AUGUSTUS. And they want a table, 9 chairs, a rug, a folding bed—I haven't seen one in years.

LUCIUS. Nor has anyone else. They went out of style with high wheel bicycles.

AUGUSTUS. (*Reading*) Portrait of comic old man in gilt frame.

LUCIUS. Bye the bye, Maud says anything you want you're welcome to, except, of course, Father's portrait.

AUGUSTUS. Did you ever know him?

LUCIUS. Oh yes. That was taken just after he was elected president of the Schenectady Mop Co.

AUGUSTUS. I can't make out all their list. They want any furniture, new or old, but funny. What does funny furniture mean? We haven't any funny furniture. Particularly a funny 1880 arm chair.

LUCIUS. I guess they mean period furniture with chairs so fancy you have to be taught how to sit in them.

AUGUSTUS. They want two dozen plates, breakable.

LUCIUS. There goes your $80.00.

AUGUSTUS. What is a chase lung?

LUCIUS. Lunch.

AUGUSTUS. No, lung. (*Spelling*) C-h-a-i-s-e L-o-n-g-u-e.

LUCIUS. Oh, that's French for davenport. Let's go. I've got to get back.

AUGUSTUS. Righto!

LUCIUS. Walk up to Mike's with me.

AUGUSTUS. Sure. Why don't you buy a motor?

LUCIUS. (*Going, followed by* GUS) Can that now. Can that motor stuff. Don't you let Maud hear you say anything about my buying a car, etc. (*Exit* R.)

(*Pause, motor horn, voices off* R. *Feet, door-bell rings twice. Pause. In comes* MAUD L. *in gaudy petticoat, hair in curl papers, hands visibly wet. Opens door, holding petticoat over handle.*)

MAUD. (*Loudly*) My Gord, right when I have Appollo in the tub; next time take your keys. (*Leaves door and goes* L. C. *and then realizes it isn't* LUCIUS *and stands with horror facing two men and two women, who look at her equally surprised. The four visitors,* ALPHONSE, STERLING, MURIEL, EVADNE, *are dressed in snappy clothes and are very happy. Pause*)

MURIEL. Is this the Beaties? (*Pronounced Bee-tea*)

MAUD. Yes, this is the Beaties. (*Always pronounced by her Bay-tea*)

MURIEL. Please tell Mrs. Beatie (*Correctly*) Mr. and Mrs. Peabody and friends are here.

MAUD. (*Has endeavored to hide behind chair* L.) Oh! yes—just a minute. (*Halting speech*) If you—I'll tell her. (*Exit* L. *quickly.*)

ALPHONSE. They're wearing 'em higher in Hawaii.

STERLING. That's not a skirt, it's a petticoat.

ALPHONSE. Ha! Ha! They don't wear them any more.

STERLING. Some do.

ALPHONSE. (*To* EVADNE) Do you?

EVADNE. None of your business, sir, she said.

ALPHONSE. Would you deny me education?

EVADNE. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

ALPHONSE. Well, I can guess, and (*To Muriel*)

MURIEL. No we don't, but they evidently still do, in Lakehurst.

ALPHONSE. Well, travelling does broaden one.

(STERLING *starts to close door. The four now pre-empt the room.*)

EVADNE. Oh! leave it open and open the window, Pud. It's stifling. (STERLING *does so*) You'd think the heat was on.

MURIEL. It probably is.

EVADNE. Not in June.

MURIEL. It isn't the 20th yet. They never turn off the heat and winter flannels till the 20th of June in the country.

STERLING. What is so rare as a day in June?

ALPHONSE. A Jaeger.

MURIEL. It's the funniest thing, too; I can't understand why people in the country always keep all their windows closed.

ALPHONSE. Well, you know that's why the air is so pure in the country.

STERLING. That was the darndest looking maid I ever saw.

EVADNE. If you live in the country you take them no matter how they look.

STERLING. That's why we don't live in the country, but I didn't mean her looks. I'm criticising her costume.

EVADNE. There wasn't much to criticize.

ALPHONSE. Right. No costume, no criticism.

MURIEL. Spider, where do you think you are? Lakehurst.

(MURIEL *and* ALPHONSE *are now having a catch with a tennis ball which* ALPHONSE *had in his pocket.* STERLING *and* EVADNE *are reading the papers.*)

EVADNE. Why don't you two play on the lawn; you'll break something in here.

ALPHONSE. Lawn, you mean the "rest in peace" grass plot. That's where the family dog was buried.

MURIEL. Hush! (*They play up stage so as not to block the others and also less chance of the ball going into the audience if they muff it.*) Oh yes, let's. Come on, Spider. Fresh air—fill your lungs. Be a man. You're getting old and have lost all your pep.

EVADNE. Spider doesn't want to get all hot and muss his things. No) he doesn't.

STERLING. Why should anyone want to run around on a hot day when they can sit down. (*He is in the comfortable big chair* C.)

MURIEL. For the figure, old dear, it would do you a lot of good.

EVADNE. Who are coming out Saturday, Pud, beside the cast.

STERLING. (*Counting on fingers*) Well, there are seven in the cast and with wives and husbands that makes twelve in all. Then there's Joe and Kary and Lawrence and wives, that's —let's see—12 and 6—18, and we two make 20. Spider, why don't you bring your sister?

ALPHONSE. Fine.

STERLING. That's 21. Then we thought the Blacks, the Crockers, Drakes and Huttons would come, that's 29, oh about thirty.

MURIEL. Don't you think it is a little hard on these people to expect a cast of seven and have twenty-nine come out? Think of the dinners.

STERLING. Oh, everyone will bring their own liquor.

MURIEL. I mean food, Pud, not spirits.

STERLING. First you say I haven't any spirits and then too much.

MURIEL. Too little animal and too much vegetable.

ALPHONSE. Where does the mineral come in?

EVADNE. In the White Rock.

MURIEL. What's the matter? (*To* ALPHONSE, *who is staring at Father's portrait*) (*Sees it*) Oh!——

ALPHONSE. See what the cat brought in. (*Offers ball to* EVADNE). Three shots for a nickle.

EVADNE. That's lovely. Oh, we must have that for the show.

STERLING. It's a little embarrassing, isn't it? The prop list calls for a picture of a comic old man—that's most likely some relative.

EVADNE. It may be a hired house, including the furniture.

MURIEL. It is not.

EVADNE. Well, pretend it is and then we can all laugh at the picture and they won't dare say it's theirs.

MURIEL. That's a fine idea. Why not just insult the picture without insulting everything else.

STERLING. Why it's no insult to laugh at a

portrait. You ought to see my family done in oil; they're a scream.

MURIEL. Do you take after your family?

EVADNE. He does.

STERLING. You can't hurt my feelings. They were rich.

EVADNE. And fat.

ALPHONSE. Why not just say fat.

STERLING. How so?

EVADNE. A poor person can't afford a luxurious equator.

MURIEL. Oh, I don't know.

ALPHONSE. Did you ever see a poor fat man?

EVADNE. Depends on what you mean by poor—Pud's a poor fat man.

STERLING. I do wish you'd get off my stomach and talk of something else.

EVADNE. You'd get off your own stomach if you'd diet.

ALPHONSE. Stop eating for a couple of years, Pud.

STERLING. You make me tired.

ALPHONSE. Our hostess must have been in bed.

STERLING. You're not married. You don't know how slowly a woman can dress.

ALPHONSE. Considering how little they wear, they ought to be up and out like a fire horse.

MURIEL. A fire horse doesn't have to dress his hair.

STERLING. Neither do bob-tailed flappers.

EVADNE. Don't be ridiculous; they have to comb it.

ALPHONSE. Do they comb their hair at home? I always thought they saved it to do in the theatre.

MURIEL. Here comes some one. Oh, its Joe. (*Enter* JOE)

JONES Say, the Club's all right, except for the lighting and, of course, a flat floor.

STERLING. How's the scenery?

JONES. Fair, but there's no furniture there and I couldn't find anyone about.

MURIEL. How did you get in?

JONES. Back window, second from the left. Say, I wonder if we could use some of this stuff. What's that? (*Points to poster*)

STERLING. O gosh! Why can't they ever get the club's name straight.

MURIEL. Now don't tell them. Use a little tact.

EVADNE. He hasn't any.

STERLING. Then why did you accept me?

EVADNE. You had it until you were married.

STERLING. I see, I lost it when I married you.

EVADNE. Well that remark proves it never came back.

(JOE *has meanwhile collected quite a lot of small things, mostly breakable, on a tray or large book.*)

MURIEL. You can't take these people's things without their permission.

EVADNE. They have so many they won't miss them.

JONES. (*To A.*) Can I load up the car?

ALPHONSE. Go as far as you like, only don't break the thermos.

MURIEL. No, Joe, you mustn't. Pud, you can't let them——

STERLING. I guess we better wait.

JONES. What's this "we" stuff? I'll bet you've sat there ever since you came in. (*Starts to lift tray of things from table.* MURIEL *stops him and they wrestle, kid like.* A. *is by door, other two still seated*) (*To* A.) Catch! (*Throws some small vase or china dog*)

MURIEL. Stop it! (JOE *lets go another.* J. *and* A. *both enjoy this and talk ad lib, "out on second," "Jones catching," "Carl Mays in the box," etc., "two strikes." During this* LUCIUS, *with hat on, enters* R. *Looks horrified. Everyone stops; picture.* LUCIUS *realizes who they are, takes off hat, and his hair is oiled and parted in true barber style.*

MURIEL. I beg your pardon, is this Mr. Battie?

LUCIUS. Mr. Beatie (*Bay-tea*), yes mam.

MURIEL. This is Mr. Peabody, Mrs. Peabody, Mr. Drelincourt (*Pronounced in French*) and Mr. Jones.

LUCIUS. Any relation to Parker Jones?

JONES. No—Rhode Island Jones.

LUCIUS. Where's Maud?

MURIEL. Maud? Oh, you mean the maid. I don't know, she just let us in and said she'd call Mrs. Betty.

LUCIUS. Beatie. No, Maud isn't the maid; she's Mrs. Beatie. We haven't any ma—— (*Worried look*) Will you excuse me a moment? Make yourselves at home. (*Observes that they have. Exit* L.)

MURIEL. Now will you be good. Na! (*At* JOE)

JONES. Na! (*In silence they put back the things they had been throwing*)

MURIEL. You boys ought to realize just because you've left New York you're not in the woods.

ALPHONSE. Spider loves grandma.

STERLING. Whew it's hot.

EVADNE. Well (*Yawns, lays down paper*), nothing new. I feel like starting something.

MURIEL. Start Pud.

LUCIUS. (*Enters*) Mrs. Beattie will be right down. It's so good of you to come out. I must apologize for not being here. We expected you on the one-thirty.

STERLING. Oh, we came out in Mr. Drelincourt's motor.

LUCIUS. Well, now, I believe you want some furniture and ornaments. I'm really not in charge here. Our Mr.——

JONES. Oh that's all right, I've seen the set, it's bully. Could we have some of these things to dress the stage? It would be fine.

LUCIUS. Why certainly. Maud said you could have everything except——

JONES That's great. Gangway, please. (JOE *picks up tray of knick knacks, etc., and exits* R.)

LUCIUS. It's so good of you to come out. Was it a pleasant trip? (*Ad lib answers*) (*Casually*) What are you doing about dinner?

STERLING. Oh, we couldn't stay to dinner, thanks. (LUCIUS *looks relieved*) We only planned to stay for lunch.

LUCIUS. (*Haltingly*) Why the er Club is closed. I'm awfully sorry, but—— I'm sure Maud would love to take care of you. How many are there?

ALPHONSE. Four.

MURIEL. Four—why no, five.

ALPHONSE. Oh, ha, ha! I forgot Pud. Call it six.

MURIEL. No, Mr. Betty, only five.

LUCIUS. Beatie. That will be fine. (*Displays no emotion, however*) (*Crash off right.* LUCIUS *looks worried*)

ALPHONSE. Ha! Ha! Set 'em up in the other alley. How many did you break?

JONES. (*Off stage*) Didn't break any. That's your wind shield. (ALPHONSE, *in horror, exits.* LUCIUS *smiles with relief.*)

LUCIUS. It's really too bad our Mr. Jones isn't here. We're quite lost without him. We call him the life of the town. I went to the barbers (E. *says "evidently," softly, without interrupting*) and Gus, that's Mr. Jones, left me to see the rector after church. We thought it would be so nice if Dr. Luce could make a speech between the acts for the Wayward Girls Home, for which the charity is being given.

EVADNE. Appropriate name—Loose.

LUCIUS. It's spelled L-U-C-E, madam.

STERLING. (*Sotto voice, pronouncing correctly*) Luce.

(*During the above and the following* JOE, SPIDER *and* KITTEN *remove to the car most everything, except the two big chairs, table and rug and just a few odds and ends.* JOE *has taken down the window shade and cur-*

tains. The three movers talk softly ad lib and rather derogatory of the things they take. LUCIUS *talks pretty steadily and in a manner of great effort to please, but it's quite dull. The ad lib about the furniture can include, "What do you want the foot stool for?" "The rubber plant," "Why when she waters the plant it will ruin it," "Oh no—look at it," also "Will those curtains do?" "They'll do to cover a coffin." "The pattern would wake the corpse." Also, "Do you like that chair?" "No, thanks, I'll take chocolate." About the ornaments: "Grab the vase." "That's not a vase, it's a varze." "It's junk, but grab it" Also, "That's all right, except for the color." "And the shape," etc. Meantime:*

EVADNE. Do you act at all?

LUCIUS. Oh, a little bit. We've played "The School for Scandal"—I was Crabtree.

EVADNE. Crabtree! Funny, we gave it but I don't remember that part.

LUCIUS. Well it's usually cut out of most performances. I've also played in the "Game of Chess."

EVADNE. Oh yes. Were you Alexandrovitch?

LUCIUS. No, I was the footman.

EVADNE. (*Thinking slowly*) Oh — yes. (*Almost sings the oh*)

LUCIUS. But you'll remember that's a very important line. I've played a lot of butlers' parts. I've counted up nine.

EVADNE. Perhaps they're preparing you to play the Admirable Crichton.

LUCIUS. Don't know it, mam.

EVADNE. Why the butler is the Head Devil, Hot Dog and King Solomon.

LUCIUS. My, that sounds good to me.

(*During last two speeches arrange so* (ALPHONSE *and* MURIEL *have come back on stage,* JOE *is off. The window shade and curtains must be off. Grandpa's portrait must still be on*)

MAUD. (*Enters overdressed, hair splendid, full of trained enthusiasm and entirely different from before*) How do you do.

LUCIUS. Oh! Maud, this is Mrs. Peabody.

MAUD. Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

LUCIUS. (*To* MURIEL) And Mrs.—— I didn't get your name.

ALPHONSE, MURIEL *and* EVADNE. (*Together, but not in unison*) Miss Frelinghuysen.

MAUD. Pleased to meet you (*Accent the you*) I'm sure.

LUCIUS. And Mr. Dr.——

ALPHONSE, MURIEL *and* EVADNE. (*Together, but not in unison*) Drelincourt.

MAUD. (MAUD *is visibly impressed and almost timid at* ALPHONSE'S *good looks and very coyly shakes hands*) Hm! (*Almost a sigh*)

ALPHONSE. Call me Spider, it's easier.

MAUD. (*Glorious smile*) Are you the President?

ALPHONSE. No, I'm too thin.

STERLING. Thank you.

LUCIUS. This is Mr. Peabody, the President. I'm glad I got one name straight.

MAUD. This is so good of you all to come and help our little charity. (LUCIUS *has gone down Rt. and is beaming at* MURIEL. *They converse happily.* ALPHONSE *is Left, amusing himself talking to* EVADNE, *who is still seated Left. On her right in front of table is* M. *and* S. *who had risen is still in front of chair centre which he has occupied up to now.* E. *does not observe the following picture episode.*) M. (*To* S.) Oh do sit down, you must be tired. (*She is facing Rt. and sees* JOE *enter, go to mantle, take Father's picture and exit. She is so surprised she's frozen. As he leaves she comes to and calls helplessly to* L.) Lucius, Lucius. (LUCIUS *is too happy to hear*) Lucius, someone has just taken Fathers' picture.

LUCIUS. Oh! excuse me. (*Exit* R. *after* JOE)

(MAUD *now surveys the room and looks bewildered.* ALPHONSE *is leaning over* EVADNE'S *shoulder talking to her.* STERLING *looks sleepy.* MURIEL *is looking out of door* R.)

(JOE *enters with portrait, followed by* LUCIUS, *very embarrassed.*)

LUCIUS. You see, old man, I'm terribly sorry, but it's an heirloom and Mrs. B. thinks more of it than anything we own. I often say (*Trying hard to be light and humorous*) in case of fire she'd drop me and the baby and take the picture. Don't bother to hang it. I'll do that. Just set it there. (*Both holding picture*) You see how it is. You understand, don't you?

JONES. Why certainly—of course—of course.

MAUD. (*In blank astonishment is gazing at the window*) Where are the curtains?

LUCIUS. (*Soothingly*) Out in the motor, dear.

MAUD. But the sun, it will fade the carpet.

JONES. Oh that's all right, we're taking the carpet too.

LUCIUS. Oh dear, shake hands with Mr. Jones—my wife.

MAUD. Mr. Jones, any relation to Parker Jones?

JONES. No. Rhode Island Jones.

AUGUSTUS. (*Enters cheerily*) Well, well, well. How do you do, Mr. Peabody.

STERLING. Hullo there. (*They shake*)

MAUD. Oh Gus, meet Mrs. Peabody, Miss Freehousing, Mr. Drelliloor, and te he (*Gay, twittering laugh*) Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones.

ALPHONSE. Greek meets Greek.

LUCIUS. (*To* M.) Oh dear, I said we could fix up a little something for these good people to eat. We're sorry the Clubhouse is closed.

MAUD. Why that's splendid, but I'm afraid there's nothing in the house. You see I didn't know——

ALPHONSE. Oh don't bother, none of us eat but Peabody and it's best he shouldn't.

LUCIUS. How about the lettuce?

MAUD. All right as far as it goes, but it's a little head and lettuce has been so poor this year. We've had such a time with fresh vegetables. As I say, living in the country we have to go to the city for country things. You must find a car a great advantage. If you'll excuse me I think we have some crackers and a cheese.

STERLING. Ah!

MAUD. No, it's Camabert.

STERLING. My favorite.

MAUD. I have to put on some chickens to stew for supper. We're having fricassee chicken. Lu and I always have fricassee Sunday nights.

AUGUSTUS. If this hot weather keeps up we'll all fricassee.

STERLING. I think the perfect Summer resort is a tub.

MAUD. (*Horror!*) Tub — Apollo — Oh! (*Starts* L.)

AUGUSTUS. What's the matter?

MAUD. (*As she exits on the run*) I forgot Appollo; he's still in the tub.

STERLING. Lucky fellow.

ALPHONSE. (*To* EVADNE) Is it a dog— Apollo.

EVADNE. If it was a dog he'd hop out.

AUGUSTUS. I named him Apollo.

EVADNE. The answer is obvious; he's good looking.

AUGUSTUS. Oh no. (*Confused*) Oh yes, but I mean it's not that. Why he's so full of pep. I call him Apollonaris, or Apollo for short.

MURIEL. So original.

AUGUSTUS. I'm sorry I wasn't on hand to meet you, but I didn't expect you so early. I see you've taken some of the things.

JONES. Yes, we've got a fair jag.

ALPHONSE. Where did you get it?

JONES. I mean half a load.

ALPHONSE. Fair enough.

JONES. (*To* G.) What is your name really?

AUGUSTUS. Jones! What's yours?

JONES. Jones.

AUGUSTUS. Delaware?

JONES. Rhode Island!

ALPHONSE. An awful lot of you for two such small states.

AUGUSTUS. I have your list of props.

LUCIUS. Mr. Jones is our handy man. He does everything and is some actor. Yes sir, I'll tell the world. I just love his stories. We have some fine shows out here. Of course, nothing like yours, and Gus always shines.

AUGUSTUS. (*Feels he is called on to entertain. Any good old story not too long can be substituted here, otherwise*) Do you know the story of Sandy Macdonald and the bag pipes. (*This is not a question and the others ad lib half-heartedly have to say "Oh do," "No," etc.* (*In dialect*) Well, Sandy's mother was very ill and one evening his friends came and brought their pipes and they played for a while when they were interrupted by the Doctor, coming to see his Mother. The Doctor was an Englishman and after he had gone upstairs to the sick room the boys played some more. As he didn't come down they had a wee drappie and played again, and finally Sandy went up to see what was the matter and why the English Doctor didn't come down. Sandy's friends waited. Shortly Sandy appeared and said, "Mither's better the noo, but the Doctor's daid." (*Splendid artificial laughter by all except* LUCIUS, *who really laughs.*)

ALPHONSE. (*Hoping to change things*) The Giants are going to win the pennant this year.

JONES. I'll take you on that.

ALPHONSE. Who do you think?

JONES. Cleveland.

AUGUSTUS. (*Undaunted*) You know the story of the colored man hired to drive Maud, a famous balky mule, and he was successful for about ten days when Maud suddenly stopped in a small village and Mose called up his boss on the telephone. His conversation was something like this: Hullo, hullo, this am Mose and Maud has done balked—yes sir—yes sir—we tried that—yes sir—we built a fire—yes sir—only three feet—no, it didn't burn the wagon much—yes sir—yes sir—I broke the stick—oh yes sir, the whip wore out—long ago—yes sir. Say does you want me to come home and work for you, or stay here till Maud moves? (*Ad lib, "Fine," "Ha, ha!" etc., but weaker.*)

LUCIUS. I can just see that mule.

AUGUSTUS. I heard a good cockney story the other day. (*During this all leave,* JOE *dragging* L. *off, except* GUS, *who doesn't notice, and* EVADNE. MURIEL *and* ALPHONSE *are last to leave and pantomime good-bye kisses to* EVADNE, *unseen by* GUS.) In England during the war clerks (*Pronounced clarkes*) were so scarce that shopkeepers did their own work of all kinds. Well, one man too old for service had an antique store and sold a grandfather's clock. He was strong and the distance was short and he needed the money so he took out the works, put the case on his shoulder and started to walk. Turning a corner quickly the clock case swung out and hit a navvy walking by and knocked him in the gutter. The old man fell down and the clock bounced on the sidewalk. The Navvy got up and dusted himself and looked at the old man and then at the clock and says, "Gawd blime me, why don't you kerry a

bloomin' wrist watch." (*These stories must be over told and acted out and the other actors' boredom must provide the situation.*)

EVADNE. Oh, splendid. Do you know, I was saying to my husband only the other day how there were no raconteurs in this country.

AUGUSTUS. Curious you should say that (*Very flattered*) for only yesterday I said there is no word in English that really means the same thing.

EVADNE. You make one mistake, though.

AUGUSTUS. (*A little down*) What is that?

EVADNE. You ought not tell beforehand what dialect you are going to use and make your audience guess it.

AUGUSTUS. Oh, do you think so? Do you think they'd guess it—that's so good of you.

EVADNE. Oh, not at all. I always give credit where credit is due.

AUGUSTUS. It makes such a difference to have a real audience—one who understands. (*They exchange looks*) I'll tell you an Italian story.

EVADNE. How perfectly delightful. I love Italian stories. I was in Rome last Summer and an Englishman was quite attentive.

AUGUSTUS. There's an Englishman in this, too. Eh——

EVADNE. (*Going right on*) and Mr. Peabody was there on business and had bought so many things—particularly at one shop. Well, my British admirer——

AUGUSTUS. You must have so many it is hard to remember them all.

EVADNE. Oh, do you think so? (*Mock innocence*)

AUGUSTUS. Yes. (*Both sigh*) Well, an Englishman——

EVADNE. (*Interrupting*) He insisted on making me a little present to remind me of Sacramento.

AUGUSTUS. A memento of Sacramento.

EVADNE. How clever; that's what he said.

AUGUSTUS. (*Grandly*) It's rather obvious.

EVADNE. Great minds—I didn't want anything, but he insisted and I found a little wooden pen tray. So he asked the Italian shopkeeper how much and he said 5 lira and the Englishman, knowing how the Italians habitually overcharge, said too much, and so they argued about it.

AUGUSTUS. How amusing. Well, in Naples——

EVADNE. Oh, but that isn't the point. The Englishman to clinch the bargain said, "But it is for this lady whose husband has bought so much from you," and the Italian said, "Ah! for Madame! I give it her myself." (G. *and* E. *laugh*)

AUGUSTUS. That's ripping.

EVADNE. So few people who tell stories enjoy hearing them.

AUGUSTUS. Oh I enjoy stories immensely.

EVADNE. That's because you're clever.

AUGUSTUS. Oh, no. (*Very pleased*) Not clever.

EVADNE. I always get on so well with clever people (*Pause*), particularly clever men.

AUGUSTUS. You ought to tell that to Mrs. Jones.

EVADNE. Your Mother?

AUGUSTUS. No.

EVADNE. Don't tell me you're married.

AUGUSTUS. Yes.

EVADNE. Some people are lucky.

AUGUSTUS. You're a flatterer.

EVADNE. (*Laughingly*) I didn't say who.

AUGUSTUS. (*Promptly*) In Naples, as I was saying——

MURIEL. (*And* LUCIUS *enter*) Oh Eve, Spider and Pud have gone to the Club in the car. Don't you want to walk over with us?

EVADNE. Yes indeed. (*Bounces up*)

LUCIUS. You're sure it isn't too hot?

EVADNE. I love it hot. (*Joins* LUCIUS, *leaving* MURIEL *by* G.)

MURIEL. We started, but came back to tell you we were going. We didn't mean to interrupt.

EVADNE. No, you're just in time. Get Mr. Jones to tell you his Italian story. (L. *has gone to the door.* E. *makes quick move and both exit* R., *leaving* MURIEL *and* AUGUSTUS.)

MURIEL. You tell dialect stories so well. Do you speak Italian?

AUGUSTUS. Only enough to get my shoes shined.

MURIEL. Oh, I thought bootblacks now were Greeks.

AUGUSTUS. Oh, no! The Greeks are barbers.

MURIEL. How do you learn all these things? I always say people who live out of town have more time to really study and learn. You're really very clever.

AUGUSTUS. You ought to tell that to Mrs. Jones.

MURIEL. (*Fishing, ha ha manner*) Every mother thinks her boy is clever.

AUGUSTUS. I didn't mean my Mother.

MURIEL. I see, she doesn't think it—she knows it.

AUGUSTUS. You're chaffing. I meant my Wife.

MURIEL. Are you married?

AUGUSTUS. (*Embarrassed gulp*) Yes.

MURIEL. What a pity.

AUGUSTUS. Why!—I——

MURIEL. (*Continuing*) To waste so much on one woman. Hadn't we better join the others?

AUGUSTUS. Oh surely, of course. (*Both start for door*)

MURIEL. (*As she exits*) This world is so full of dull people it's charming to meet (*They leave and off stage you hear*) some one really alive. Do you know when I first met you, etc.——

(*Pause*)

MAUD. (*Enters tired and hot with plate of sandwiches, lettuce sticking out of the ends, Camabert Cheese in its box and a tin box of saltines. Radiator knocks a few times, she monkeys with valve, looks at carpet where it ought to fade. Child voice off left says Mamma, she exits quickly left*) Yes, dear, etc.

(*Pause*)

ALPHONSE. (*Head comes in door Rt., looks all around S., passes him while he's there*)

STERLING. Hullo.

ALPHONSE. Who'ye telephoning!

STERLING. Ah! (*Seeing sandwiches*) Have a sandwich.

ALPHONSE. No thanks, I'm too thirsty.

STERLING. (*Has eaten one sandwich, sees cheese*) Ah! (A. *is gazing out of window at the country.* S. *smells cheese with happy smile, but having done so looks unhappy, removes cover, smells again, now very unhappy*) Say, Spider.

ALPHONSE. (*Turning*) Yo.

STERLING. Here, smell. (*Holds under* A.*'s nose*)

ALPHONSE. (*Nearly asphyxiated*) Uff!

STERLING. Gone bad. I knew it. (*Said with conviction*)

ALPHONSE. If you knew it why in heaven's name did I have to smell it for. I hope you have indigestion all night.

STERLING. Say, you don't think the maid was our hostess.

ALPHONSE. If she is I wonder which costume is the disguise.

STERLING. Both.

ALPHONSE. I wonder what a natural woman would be like.

STERLING. Awful. Even Eve disguised herself. (*Has replaced cheese cover and cheese on table and eats another sandwich while* A. *takes a fan from the mantle and fans himself away from the cheese odor, occasionally leaning out of the window.* S. *eats another sandwich and sits in chair Rt. of table and starts reading Sunday paper.* JOE *enters breezily to* A.)

JONES. Give us a hand.

(J. *and* A. *remove anything left except chair* S. *is in, table and carpet, Father's picture and the Poster. The room is bare. Meanwhile* S. *has finished the last sandwich* (*There were only* 6) *and, still reading, has obtained a cracker which he holds in his hand. Time this so on* JOE'S *last exit he passes* S., *takes cracker from* S.'*s hand and eats it on way out.* S. *doesn't realize it's gone till he places his empty fingers to the open mouth and then without stopping his reading obtains another cracker.*)

(A. *and* J. *converse through this more or less impromptu, as follows*)

ALPHONSE. Your name sake dresses well, but I'll bet he'd never have gotten the props over if we hadn't come.

JONES He's a Delaware Jones. They're all lazy.

ALPHONSE. For that matter he isn't getting them over now.

JONES. He's busy tho'. Entertaining Kitten and Eve permits of no loafing.

ALPHONSE. He'll be a nervous woman by sundown.

JONES. How about the Joe Millers he told.

ALPHONSE. I hadn't heard the Scotch one.

JONES. The first time I heard that one I kicked the foot out of my cradle.

ALPHONSE. I kicked the foot out of mine the first time I heard that expression. You needn't talk.

JONES. I got your goat over the windshield, didn't I?

ALPHONSE. I sure thought every pane of glass in Lakehurst had busted.

JONES. Do you know that's tough china; it bounced and never busted.

ALPHONSE. The china didn't bust, but look at the sidewalk.

(*The last bit has been removed.* S. *is posing with his second cracker.* J. *stays off* R. A. *enters* R.)

ALPHONSE. Warm work. Oh for a scuttle of suds.

STERLING. (*Looking up quickly*) Did you say beer?

ALPHONSE. Ha, ha! Polly want a schooner! You don't deserve any. You haven't even done any superintending.

MAUD. (*Enters* L. *quickly*) Oh, you're back. (*Crossed* R. *to* A. S. *lays down paper reluctantly, sees other two don't notice him, so he resumes reading.*)

ALPHONSE. We're all done. I hope the show is good enough to repay you for our house-wrecking.

MAUD. Oh, I'm sure it will be wonderful. What part do you take.

ALPHONSE. Do you know the play?

MAUD. Oh yes, Gus Jones reads the drama aloud to us at our fortnightly meetings.

ALPHONSE. I'm Dr. Bronson.

MAUD. Why that's a character part.

ALPHONSE. Don't you think I can do it?

MAUD. Oh, but it must be so hard for you—to have to make up so unattractively—why don't you play the lead?

ALPHONSE. The lead. (*Laughs*) I'd much rather play Bronson, the lead is just a straight part. It's much harder to play straight.

MAUD. But think how nice it would be for the girl who played opposite to you.

ALPHONSE. Oh no, she wouldn't think so. I'm a ham at love scenes.

MAUD. I don't believe it.

ALPHONSE. You can bet your last lily cup on that. No stage love scenes for mine, but in a hammock—oh, boy!

MAUD. Just a minute (*Very kittenish*) while I gets ours out of the attic.

ALPHONSE. No, it's too hot, and besides I'm not dressed for it.

(L. *and* E. *enter.*)

EVADNE. Your Clubhouse is charming. My it's warm.

ALPHONSE. Just what I was saying.

MAUD. I envy you your motor. Aren't those big cars very expensive to run?

ALPHONSE. That's not an expensive car.

MAUD. It isn't?

ALPHONSE. No, it's only $1,650.00.

MAUD. Including the horn?

ALPHONSE. Oh yes, complete.

LUCIUS. Won't you sit down? (*Sees no chairs available except one S. is sitting in. Runs off* L.) Excuse me.

ALPHONSE. (*To M*) Wouldn't you like a cocktail? I'll get the thermos; excuse me. (*Exit* R.) (M. *first looked worried, knowing they had no cocktails, then joyous when she found he had them.*)

MAUD. I'll get some glasses. (*Passes* L. *coming in* L. *as she exits.* L. *places kitchen chair, which he obtained, left of table and* E. *sits.*)

EVADNE. Oh, thank you. Why you poor people, your living room is bare. Why (*Seeing portrait of Father*) They've forgotten the picture. Joe! Joe! (*To* L.) It's such a charming thing and is just what we need.

JONES. (*Stands in door*) What is it?

EVADNE. You forgot this adorable picture.

JONES. We can't have it. I've got to take this last load over. (*Fakes a leave*)

EVADNE. Oh, what a disappointment. Oh, Mr. Bout-tie, it's such a love of a picture (*She has it in her hands*), such a dear face, such repose and yet virile strength and yet so charmingly framed. Oh, do let us have it. I personally promise to see nothing happens to it. (*Pause*) May I have it? (*Winning smile*)

LUCIUS. Of course you can. (E. *hands it to* JOE.)

JONES. Let's go. (*Takes picture and exit*)

EVADNE. (*Going back to chair left of table and sitting*) Oh! it's so good of you. We'd have been lost without that portrait. Like people; don't you know sometimes when you first meet them you say to yourself—this is real.

LUCIUS. That's my Wife's Father.

EVADNE. Really!

(MURIEL *and* G. *enter, followed by* A. *with thermos.*)

MURIEL. We must be starting, good people, it's very late.

LUCIUS. Oh, you're stopping to have a bite with us. Maud has prepared everything.

MAUD. (M. *enters with eight cocktail glasses on a tray from* L. *and overhears the last remark*) Oh, I'm sorry I've so little, but such as it is your'e welcome to, I'm sure. I made some sandwiches. (*Hands tray to Gus* C., *who holds it while* A., Rt. *of* C., *pours seven glasses half full. Maud then goes for sandwiches and sees empty plate; surprise pause*) I'm sure I made some sandwiches. Lu, didn't you see some sandwiches, or did I leave them in the kitchen?

EVADNE. (*Sees* PUD'S *guilty face*) Pud, you've eaten them.

STERLING. I'm awfully sorry. I never realized.

ALPHONSE. That's all right, Mrs. Bottie, he does the eating for all of us. Hold out your good arm everybody.

AUGUSTUS. Save some for yourself.

ALPHONSE. Don't worry, I have. (A. *takes the eighth glass empty and goes up* R. GUS *passes everyone the tray. Each takes a glass.* M. *is down* L. *next to the wall.* R. *of her is* E., *seated, then* PUD, *seated, then* GUS, *then* MURIEL R. L. *is back of table.*)

MURIEL. (*Calling out*) Come on, Joe, get your cocktail.

LUCIUS. Welcome to Lakehurst.

AUGUSTUS. To the ladies, to the cast, and may it be a suspicious occasion.

MAUD. I hope you have everything you need.

ALPHONSE. We'll be back for the roof tomorrow.

MAUD. Where's Father's picture?

LUCIUS. All right, dear, I'll tell you about it later.

MAUD. I see. (*But she doesn't look it*)

MURIEL. Come on, Joe.

JONES. (*Off stage*) Coming.

AUGUSTUS. Oh, you have everything but the 1880 arm chair you wanted.

LUCIUS. Did you get the organ and folding bed?

STERLING. You can hire them if necessary; we did.

LUCIUS. What did it cost, if you don't mind my asking.

STERLING. Including transportation, $80.00.

LUCIUS. (*Looks at* GUS) $80.00. Cheap enough.

AUGUSTUS. Let me see what I can do during the week. Now, about this funny chair just what do you mean?

MURIEL. Oh, funny plush with some awful design or, say, tufted leather.

EVADNE. A tricky one with rockers or springs.

ALPHONSE. A Houdini. One that's hard to get out of.

STERLING. Oh, we want the worst chair you ever saw.

JONES. Well, well, sorry. (*Enters* R. *takes last cocktail from tray*)

AUGUSTUS. (*To* A.) Sure you've got some left? (*All look at* A., *who fills his own glass to the brim*)

JONES. (*Loudly and very happily*) Hot dog! (*All look at him. He is looking at the chair* PUD *is in*) That's the chair for us in the

funny scene. (*Embarrassed pause.* A. *sits on radiator*)

ALPHONSE. (*Lifting the gloom, glass in one hand, thermos in the other*) Well, here's mud in your eye. (*All drink.* G. *faces left and obviously drinks to* E., *when he suddenly sees* MAUD, *just beyond* E., *is watching him. He nearly chokes. All finish together.* J. *is centre* RT. *of* GUS. *Pause. Radiator gives two loud quarter tones and one half tone.* A. *rises quickly.*)

MAUD. Oh, that's only water in the pipes. Don't mind it.

ALPHONSE. I mind the heat. (*Sets thermos on mantle and feels trousers*)

JONES. (*Looking at him*) Huh, you look like a grilled steak.

(E. *and* S. *place glasses on table and rise.* M. *and* L. *place glasses on table.* GUS *collects the rest and places tray on mantle.*)

EVADNE. We must be going. It's so nice to have met you. (*Everyone says "Goodbye," "So nice," "See you Saturday." Everyone shakes hands and go by* MRS. B. *as if at a reception. They pass* R. *to* L. *down front to* MAUD, *then up* L. *and along the back to Exit* R. *All leave except* GUS *and* MAUD *and* MURIEL. LUCIUS *is outside seeing them away.* M. *is left,* G. *is centre,* MURIEL *between them.*)

MURIEL. Goodbye, so good of you to help us.

MAUD. I wish you weren't going.

MURIEL. Oh, we must under the circs. (*She crosses* G. *to* R., *saying*) Goodbye, Mr. Jones.

AUGUSTUS. I'm going to the main road with you.

MURIEL. Thanks a lot. (*A winning smile and exits* R. GUS *follows. As he gets to door*)

MAUD. Where are you going?

AUGUSTUS. To show them the short cut to the turnpike.

MAUD. Couldn't they find that by themselves? They managed to get out here pretty well.

AUGUSTUS. I promised Mrs. Peabody to show them.

MAUD. That woman.

AUGUSTUS. I'll be back in a few minutes.

MAUD. Come back all you want, I won't be here.

AUGUSTUS. Where are you going?

MAUD. Crazy. (*Voice off of Mrs. Peabody*)

EVADNE. Oh, Mr. Jones.

AUGUSTUS. Coming. (*Exit*)

MAUD. (*Sits in chair left looking out and expressing the word "Damn"*)

(*Voices off of goodbyes, etc., and* LUCIUS *enters, closes door, closes window, takes out pipe, looks for jar of tobacco—it's gone. Examines cheese, covers it hastily. Looks around. Eats a cracker, but it is very dry. Picks up paper, sits Rt. and reads.* MAUD *never moves, but wistfully says*)

MAUD. I wish we had a car. (*The child upstairs calls mamma. The radiator clicks once, a pause, then twice, then a pause, and a loud one.* LUCIUS *looks up. The worm has turned. He never moves a muscle, but says convincingly*)

LUCIUS. DAMN.

(*Curtain*)

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, ? females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the advetures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

Price, 30 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammeled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title. Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts." Price, 30 Cents.

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The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents

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